

# The Quill

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## Would You Print the John Goodman Story?

ANSWERS IN THIS ISSUE BY

<i>Marlen E. Pew</i>	<i>F. W. Beckman</i>	<i>H. Z. Mitchell</i>
<i>Royal Brougham</i>	<i>Erie C. Hopwood</i>	<i>W. S. Gilmore</i>
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## Colyuming Is a Vast, Vast Job

*By ELMER ADAMS, of the Detroit News*

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## An Interview With Dr. Morris Fishbein

*On the Publishing of Medical News in Newspapers*

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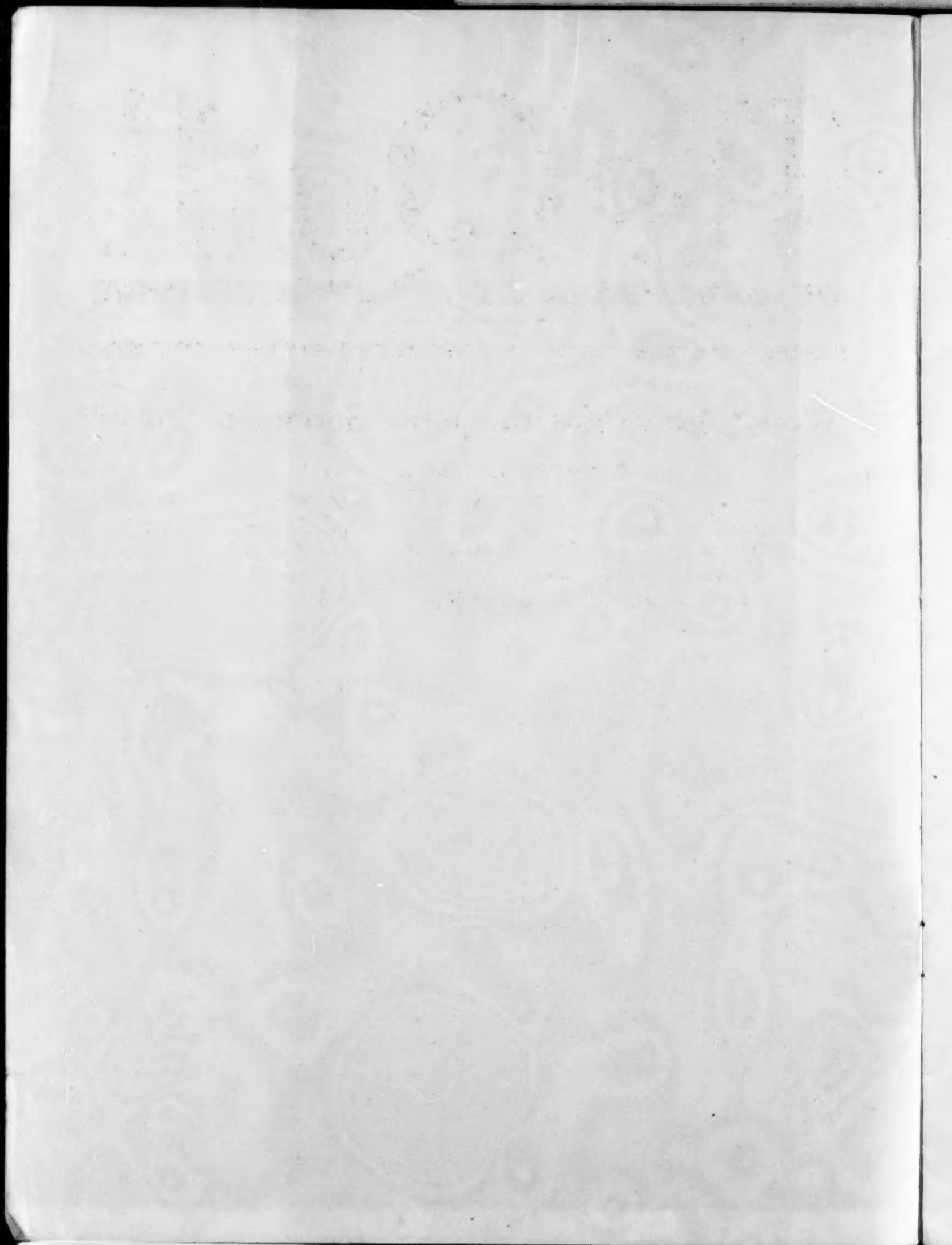
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# THE QUILL

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VOLUME XVI

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NUMBER 1

## Newspapers! Call the Doctor!

An Interview With Doctor Morris Fishbein, Editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association, by Franklin M. Reck

A new era of cooperation between doctors and editors is dawning in this country. The time is coming when quacks may no longer expect to receive aid and comfort in newspapers.

Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association, of Hygeia, the health magazine, and other A. M. A. publications, is doing all in his power to usher in the new day. He is familiar with newspapers. He has contributed feature stories and a Sunday health column to the papers in the North American Newspaper Alliance, and for the last two years he has written for the N. E. A.

It was following his address before the Society of Newspaper Editors in Washington, D. C., that newspapers began to call upon the headquarters of the medical association, increasingly, for authentication of medical news. Now, Dr. Fishbein has intimate contact with the A. P., the U. P., and Science Service. Letters come in to all departments of the A. M. A. for advice on medical news. During the past year, Dr. Fishbein has contributed to Century, Ladies' Home Journal, Collier's, World's Work, The Nation, Review of Reviews, Popular Science Monthly, and other national magazines.

In this interview, you'll read of the evil that newspapers have done, of the many laughable mistakes they have made, and of the way in which the better papers are now safeguarding their readers.



NEWSPAPER correspondent in a small Pennsylvania town once stumbled on to a big story. A man in his town—presumably a doctor—had discovered a marvelous cure for tuberculosis. The correspondent sent out for the story of the “discovery.” A Pittsburgh daily picked it up and sent it over the country.

During the week after the publication of the story, the “doctor” in the Pennsylvania town received 4,000 letters from tubercular patients, who grasped eagerly at the straw that promised life. The “doc-

tor” was capitalizing his great contribution to medical science at the rate of \$250 per cure.

This instance of medical quackery reaping a harvest by gaining entrance to the news columns of the press, is typical of a day that is passing. A recent attempt to gain publicity for a “consumption cure” didn't get so far.

Just a few months ago, newspapers and magazines all over the country received a three-page typewritten communication on the stationery of the mayor's office, at Portland, Oregon. The letter exploited a preparation called “Pul-Bro-Tu,” put out by one George Kirkpatrick. The Portland board of health, according to the letter, had exhaustively tested “Pul-Bro-Tu” on cows, and had found it to have such remarkable powers that its application to human beings was recommended.

THIS communication, coming as it did from the mayor's office, seemed to have a measure of authenticity. A few years ago, it might have got past many editors. In the main, it didn't. Instead of publishing the story, editors—more than 50 of them—wired or wrote to headquarters of the American Medical Association, and learned that Kirkpatrick is a quack, and that the consumptive who relies on “Pul-Bro-Tu” is virtually committing suicide. By close cooperation with the American Medical Association, newspapers are protecting their readers from fake medical news.

“We get between five and six thousand letters a year from editors, asking us to verify stories,” says Doctor Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the A. M. A. “The Associated Press, the Newspaper Enterprise Association, Science Service, and others, constantly check medical news through the A. M. A.”

The A. M. A. is well able to check on the qualifica-



tions of any man professing to have great medical powers! In its Bureau of Investigation, is a file of more than 125,000 cards cross-indexing every known type of quackery and every person engaged in quackery in the United States for many years past.

In the association's biographical department is the record of every physician in the United States from the moment he enters medical college until twenty years after he dies. No need for newspapers to go wrong on medical news! And yet, according to Dr. Fishbein, they do—flagrantly.

FOR instance, there is the string of great dailies in the United States that makes a big play of feature articles on glandular rejuvenation. It's true that many experiments have been made along this line. But the experiments have yielded exactly nothing of value. If the editors publishing these glandular rejuvenation stories would take the trouble to write the A. M. A., 535 North Dearborn, Chicago, they would learn—if they do not already know it—that old men may not hope to regain that warm, fine flush of youth by undergoing rejuvenation operations.

And plastic surgery! This same string of papers delights in publishing stories of how some charming actress is to have her legs remade according to the latest mode. The editors who carry these yarns might learn that plastic surgery is quackery.

"Articles of this type do positive harm," asserts Doctor Fishbein, "because they are read by stenographers and women clerks who feel that personal appearance is necessary to their work. And they become easy prey for 'beauty doctors.'"

Just how can a newspaper justify publicity of this type on any ethical basis?

One Chicago daily was so inconsistent as to carry a story that a physician had been arrested under a warrant that accused him of unethical conduct and malpractice, and in the same issue carry a magazine feature article telling how this physician reduced the weight of some aged actress by the wholesale removal of fat from those parts of her anatomy where it was most abundant!

The carrying of stories on astounding medical phenomena goes merrily on. They're hard to resist. For instance, there's the periodically reappearing story that a snake was found in somebody's stomach.

Here's another, that appeared in a California paper:

"A young French woman testifying in an alleged bigamy case here today said that a month before the birth of her child, her husband gave her a black eye. The baby was born with a black eye."

That's not so subtle, but nevertheless it does its part in perpetuating the superstition concerning prenatal

influences. Medical science hasn't been able to prove that a mother, by visiting the art gallery before the child is born, may guarantee her baby the physique of Adonis.

Even so reputable a foreign correspondent as Floyd Gibbon cabled that lockjaw, or tetanus, was prevalent in a certain area because of the large number of rusty nails. Tetanus has a bacterial origin, and the rusty nail theory is pure superstition.

Most readers still remember the most interesting news stories telling of a girl in Escanaba, Michigan, who maintained a temperature as high as 118 degrees for days. Most papers gave it a great deal of space. It was a phenomenon! Doctors knew it to be impossible, and it was eventually shown that the girl had very cleverly fooled those attending her. But newspapers, generally, fell for it.

"During the illness of President Wilson," says Dr. Fishbein, "the official bulletin, published under the editorship of George Creel contained in a boxed statement on its first page the following absurd announcement:

"Owing to the various rumors that are going about regarding the condition of President Wilson, we state that he has not had a paralytic shock. The President is suffering from inflammation of the prostatic gland, which is properly known as acute bowel trouble."

"If inflammation of the prostatic gland is acute bowel trouble, the medical profession has been wrongly instructed ever since it first found out there was a prostate."

SLIGHT medical errors, unimportant but amusing, appear daily in newspapers. Some hapless reporter, covering a medical convention, tells of "in-undating" people for typhoid, and the word goes right by the copyreaders. Another reporter hears a doctor discourse on the little organisms called "coeci" and turns it in to his newspapers "coekeye." Still another carries away with him the term "angina pectoris" and by the time he gets to his typewriter, "angina" has become "angora."

Two diseases discovered by reporters are "plural pneumonia" and "military tuberculosis." "Military" should have been "miliary." "Plural" somehow descended from "pleura."

Mistakes such as these will go on until reporters are required to have degrees from medical colleges. They're not important. The mistakes that are important are those that exploit innocent readers, that give currency to medical lies, that perpetuate superstitious fears, that raise the hopes of sick people and then shatter them mercilessly.

"Editors, beware," warns Dr. Fishbein, "of the

(Continued on page 18)

# Colyuming Is a Vast, Vast Job

A Delicious Dissertation on the Newspaper Humorist's Task

By ELMER C. ADAMS

Conductor of "Random Shots" in the *Detroit News*

**T**O be able to earn a living by a form of creative work congenial to our tastes is for all of us the ultimate felicity. To paint pictures, to write poems or stories, to render great symphonies—to perform these acts with the pleasure naturally attending them, and at the same time make the performance pay for one's subsistence on this earth—that is a life that in popular estimation leaves nothing to be desired.

The nearest approach to this condition in the newspaper field is generally thought to be column writing and editing. Perhaps it is. As one who writes a column instead of one who writes about column writing, I am not in a position to speak with certainty.

**I**HAVE read books on column writing, and from them I gather that the columnist, like other queer fauna, is readily understood by an impartial laboratory analyst. But he remains, alas, a puzzle to himself. He wonders how he climbed, or fell, into the profession, what he is doing there and why, and whether he will be happier to stay where he is or return to the more obscure but less worrisome sphere from which he emerged.

This bewilderment is caused by the surprising vastness of the field in which he finds himself, a field defying all his labors to fill or encompass it. Those who are on the outside, looking on, seldom penetrate to this incurable source of the columnist's unrest.

The general belief is that ability to write funny cracks, light verse and parodies, and humorous anecdotes is the prime requisite for the columnist. It is a requisite, but not the prime one. The fact can be verified by examining a few of the really famous columns. It will be found that they are rarely frivolous throughout, and that some of them do not contain a hearty laugh in a carload. Although prevailingly humorous, or at

least good-humored, they frequently offer poems of a serious and even tragical nature, reflections tinged not only with wit but with philosophic irony, comments on literature, art, politics and science—in short, writings on every conceivable topic of human interest, and in a vein that is uniform only for its infinite variety.

**I**N fact, then, the beginning columnist learns, you can not get by with a specious technical equipment. Like Bacon you must take all knowledge to be your province and all arts to be your handmaidens. You must have sympathies as broad as human life itself. The impressions gleaned from the subjects of your study you must pass through a mental crucible suited to prepare them for the pleased consumption of the greatest mixture of readers that any writer is blessed or cursed with.

Facility in wise-cracking is only a trifle. Continued success depends on your knowledge, your personality, yourself. A whole universe waits to be transmuted into column gold. You stand alone in the midst of chaos, and you hear God say:

"Now, go on. Create a world! And be quick about it!"

The opportunity is large, but if one aspires to rank with the few great columnists—and who doesn't fatuously entertain that hope?—the responsibility is staggering. No wonder columnists grow bald and melancholy before their time. No wonder they die young. No wonder Eugene Field suffered from nervous indigestion and while ill was found by a friend propped up on pillows and fishing with pole and line from a goldfish bowl placed at the foot of his bed.

Unless you have the impulse to fill a big job in a big way, therefore, do not aspire to column writing. For the job is big in spite of you, and unless you are yourself of large and increasing dimen-

## "All Columnists Are Too Small"

So says Mr. Adams. And he adds: "All of them tumble about, with a faint, hollow sound, in the huge spaces of their job."

Nevertheless, Mr. Adams' column in the *Detroit News* is a boon companion to those who enjoy good writing. It has many moods—but it invariably leaves you with that satisfied feeling. Herewith, a few pickups, from recent issues of "Random Shots."

Astronomers who watched the transit of Mercury across the sun have figured out that the earth is 20 seconds behind time. We should worry. The scenery furnishes diversion for us passengers as we roll along, and we aren't aware that anyone is waiting for us where we are going.

\* \* \*

An improvement in license plates, credited to Texas, places the word "front" on one plate, and the word "rear" on the other.

This ought to be a great convenience. When you want to rush a traffic light you can change the plates, and the cop will think you are going backward.

\* \* \*

An Iowa bishop tells how he walked 1,000 miles through the cannibal country of Africa, last spring, and was not molested. He told the natives, presumably, that it was wrong to eat bishop in Lent.



sions you will rattle around in it most distressfully. I do not mean to be discouraging. All columnists are too small. All of them tumble about, with a faint, hollow sound, in the huge spaces of their jobs. But the best ones are those who humbly realize the constant need of expansion. That must be understood at the outset.

WITH this drawback—and it is of course no drawback at all for the right kind of man—there is no more agreeable profession than that of column writing and editing. The columnist does not, like a reporter, take assignments. He does not, like an editorial writer, confine himself to righteous and unlifting observations on the news of the day. He is not, like a managing editor, harrassed with problems of policy. He is free, within limits which he quickly ascertains, to choose any subject that interests him and deal with it in any form of verse or prose that fancy dictates. No man with the writing instinct could ask for a more congenial task than that.

Where does a columnist get his material? That question was answered above. Everything he knows, reads, hears and observes is material. He learns to pounce upon it wherever it appears and worry it until it submits to his uses. Just as a reporter develops a "nose for news," so does the columnist develop a column eye and a column mind. The more flexible he is, the more will his eye and mind develop, and the greater and richer will be the material at his command.

The column mind is by no means a disagreeable sort to live with. I once wrote a column exclusively of paragraphs, and was compelled to convert every thought into a four or five-line wise crack. After a few years of that I found that my mind was dwindling to the size and consistency of a salted peanut. The varied expression permitted in a regular column of miscellaneous verse and prose is infinitely more agreeable to the workman. As it demands, so it encourages unlimited growth; and it surely is not excelled in that respect by any activity under the sun.

A PART from the act of writing, the most important part of a columnist's work is his relation to contributors. Some columns, and those among the best, use no contributions. But the typical "column" is a melange of writings by the columnist himself and of volunteer contributions brought to him in the mail. To find out the hundreds of men and women in one's city who can write verse and brief bits of readable prose, to arouse them to the act of contributing and keep them at it, is a sizable task in itself. It is harder, perhaps, than writing the entire column yourself. But it results in a compound of more general interest and also, probably, one of superior absolute merit.

You'd be surprised at the amount of genuinely good

poetry a columnist gets from contributors. The poet in this land of ours has a sorry lot. The market is limited and publishers are reluctant to put new volumes on the shelves. That leaves hundreds of men and women of marked ability without an outlet. And the column that encourages them reaps the benefit.

I like to think of a column as a sort of informal club on paper, where all the wits, wise men and purveyors of sentiment in a community can meet together and exchange thoughts. The columnist sits at the head of the board, and while he may be wise, witty or sentimental himself, his greatest glory is to inspire wit, wisdom and sentiment in others. Like a good toastmaster he calls on every one at the proper time, mixes the fare judiciously, keeps the program from becoming either too boisterous or too dull, and by his own generously human and tolerant attitude combines the whole product into a unity. There is a little of everything, not too much of anything. No part is obviously related to any other. But at the end—when subscribers are reading the column by their firesides at night—every one will say, "Didn't that affair go off with a bang!"

THERE is a tradition, as I hinted above, that columnists are melancholy fellows. I do not really believe this is true. They are melancholy, like any other writer, when ideas refuse to come—which is often enough, God knows; when they pause to reflect on the magnitude of their task—which is only 24 hours every day; when they receive scarifying letters telling them they are silly asses—as they do at least once a week; when they are entirely and hopelessly written out—as they are every evening; and when they strain themselves too persistently—as they are always under the temptation of doing—to be funny. Aside from those things, columnists are happy enough, for all their long faces.

The straining to be funny is by all odds the worst disease of the lot. But if I have made it clear that a columnist does not have to be funny all the time, you can see that there is an easy and infallible remedy. Be unfunny for a change. Be savage. Take up the broadsword and thrust it into someone's quivering soul and turn it around. Write a paragraph, for instance:

Our esteemed mayor, John Jones, while driving on the Ten Mile Road last night, was held up by a band of ruthless robbers. After he had taken their watches, jewelry and money, they were allowed to go on their way.

That will relieve your feelings. After the enraged mayor has called up, and after the editor has inspected the paragraph, it will also relieve you of your job. You will no longer be a columnist. And then you can feel as happy and savage as you like.

# Buy Country Papers for Your Graduates

A Suggestion to Journalism Departments, from the Pacific Coast

By WALTER BURROUGHS



WELVE years ago, if you had asked the office boy of a certain western city daily what had happened to Lew Brown, he would have injected a note of pity into his voice and allowed that "poor old Lew had buried himself in the sticks."

To me at the age of fourteen, it seemed a wicked waste for Lew Brown, star reporter, to stop his steady march toward the editorial chair of the Saturday Evening Post (I had never a doubt that he would land there) to become editor of the Alder Weekly Enterprise under a working half-ownership arrangement.

Last summer I walked down a busy street in the same western city with an old-time newspaper friend. We passed a site where a new "million-dollar" office building was being erected.

"Know who owns the ground where that building stands?" my friend asked. I shook my head. "Lew Brown."

"Is that so," I ejaculated. "Rich uncle die?"

"No sir. He made it out of the Enterprise and a few more country sheets he owns."

The name, Lew Brown, is for purposes of this article only. The incident itself is true. Nor is it unusual. There's money—the kind you can finger and spend—to be made in the country field.

PARTLY because they realize it is a good investment, but principally because they want to give well-trained young newspaper men a chance to establish themselves and because they believe it will benefit their state, several California men of some means recently agreed to finance qualified graduates of the University of California in the purchase of small newspapers.

The plan to be used is that originated and used for ten years by Matthew Lyle Spencer, former dean of the school of journalism and now president of the University of Washington. He, and other men who have been influenced by him, have placed many University of Washington graduates upon country papers. So far there has been not a single failure. With this experience, I see no reason why graduates of universities in states where such a plan is not in operation could not secure similar financial backing.

Mr. Burroughs, supervisor of publications at the University of California, is a graduate of the University of Washington. At Washington, he had opportunity to watch the working out of former Dean M. L. Spencer's plan of purchasing small newspapers and turning them over to journalism graduates. Mr. Burroughs is now promoting a similar plan for California. In this article, he explains for you the details of the project.

The first step is constantly to watch the small city dailies and weeklies of the state. When one comes on the market at a reasonable price, one or more of the men who have agreed to back the university graduate, supply money for the purchase of the paper. A stock company is organized and the stock is distributed as follows:

1. Fifty-one per cent goes to the financial backers.

2. Forty-nine per cent is placed in escrow for the graduate to purchase as a block under a conditional sale agreement. He is required to make an initial payment of \$1,000, cash. The balance is amortized by the deposit of the dividends which the stock itself earns. Out of the dividends, also, the graduate pays interest at seven per cent upon the unpaid balance. He is paid a salary sufficient to cover his living expenses. If he quits without permission from his backers, he forfeits his \$1,000 initial payment as well as all dividends which have been credited to him. If it is necessary to discharge him, the \$1,000 is refunded but no dividends theretofore credited to him are refunded.

3. As soon as the graduate's forty-nine per cent of the stock is paid for, a board of three—which was appointed at the time of the original purchase—makes a new appraisal of the property. The backers then sell their fifty-one per cent to him, on a straight mortgage agreement, at a price based on the new appraisal.

The financial backers do not dictate the editorial policy of the paper. That is up to the individual. To be sure, if he embroils himself in foolish disputes, he can be removed, but that is usually unnecessary. Supervision of the paper's conduct is given by the backers themselves or by an experienced newspaper man who acts as their attorney.

A WELL-RUN country newspaper, provided it has been purchased at the right price, can earn over a period of six to eight years, from twenty to twenty-five per cent. Many country papers do better than that.

The graduate should be able, in most cases, to amortize the debt on his forty-nine per cent of the stock—with the dividends which the stock itself earns—in from six to eight years. In from four to six



years more, he can often wipe out the debt on the remaining fifty-one per cent, even though the new value be considerably higher than the original price. (Remember that by this time the graduate draws dividends on one hundred per cent of the stock.)

In from ten to fourteen years, then, he may own, free from debt, a newspaper valued at from \$35,000 to \$100,000. To be sure, the more expensive papers are usually let to two graduates.

The usual starting salary is \$40 a week. As the paper flourishes, this is increased. One man who bought a paper on this plan had clear title in seven years. He sold, a year later, for \$62,000. The last year of his forty-nine per cent amortization period, he was allowed a salary of \$60 a week.

What do the backers get out of this arrangement?

1. Interest at seven per cent on all outstanding money.

2. Dividends on fifty-one per cent of the stock.

3. A speculative profit that usually runs from twenty to fifty per cent of the original value of their fifty-one per cent holding. This accrues when the plant is revalued for sale of the fifty-one per cent to the graduate. The new value of the plant is, of course, based upon a conservative estimate of future earnings.

The total return has often amounted to more than fifty per cent of the original investment—in addition to the interest.

The return to the backers may look high for men who are supposedly interested first in assisting deserving young newspapermen to own their own papers. The requirement that the initial \$1,000 and all dividends be forfeited if the graduate quits before he has amortized his forty-nine per cent of the stock may seem harsh. Neither is true.

The backers are really taking a gamble on a man's character and ability to work without direct supervision, as well as upon the usual hazards of business. The thousand dollar deposit is simply insurance to them that the man will stay during those first few heart-breaking months that always occur when a stranger takes over a paper in a strange community.

**B**ECAUSE so much depends upon the continued contentment and interest of the graduate, it is well for both the graduate and his backers to be sure that he is quite ready to go into the country field and that he is going to like it when he gets there.

A few months ago, I asked a man who has helped a number of young men to own their own papers, "How long after graduation must a man wait before he is a good risk for you?"

"At least three years," he replied. "One year to get rid of the fat head, one year to get himself a wife and some sense, and one year as an employe on a country newspaper to see whether he and his wife both can

enjoy living in a small town. If he's been editor of a college paper, I wouldn't consider him in less than five years. That's because it will take him three years instead of one to shake loose from the idea that he has first waivers on Arthur Brisbane's job."

While there are exceptions, this rule usually holds. A successful country editor must like the small community, and must enjoy intimate acquaintanceship with its people. He must be free from the handicap of courting, or marital troubles.

Just thinking that you're a small town newspaperman doesn't indicate that you are. Four years ago, a fellow graduate of the University of Washington asked me to introduce him to a man who had backed other graduates in the purchase of newspapers. This graduate had \$5,000 in cash for a down payment. Five thousand dollars is pretty good earnest, but the backer refused to consider the proposition.

"Work on a country paper for six months," he told him. "Then come back."

In five weeks, this graduate had thrown in the towel. He didn't like the country newspaper business at all.

So it goes. It's like the proverbial ham and eggs. If you can find a paper for sale at a reasonable price and if you can find a backer who is willing to finance you, you can own a country newspaper—if you like the country newspaper business.

But the project—that of financing graduates in the purchase of small papers—is sound, and in the case of Washington has proved successful.

#### HARVEY INGHAM IS HONORARY PRESIDENT



HARVEY INGHAM

Meet Mr. Harvey Ingham, national honorary president of Sigma Delta Chi for 1928. Members of Sigma Delta Chi know Mr. Ingham as editor of the Des Moines Register and Evening Tribune-Capital. He has been in journalism nearly his entire working life and his experience embraces the country weekly as well as the big city daily. His strong interest in Sig-

ma Delta Chi dates back many years.

In a letter to James A. Stuart, president of the fraternity, expressing appreciation of his election as honorary president, Mr. Ingham says:

"I cannot tell you how flattered I was when news came of my election.

"If at any time I can be of any service to you or to the fraternity itself, I hope you will feel perfectly free to call on me."



# The Romance of the Klondike Nugget

A Newspaper of the Gold Rush of '98, Whose Price

Was Fifty Cents Per Copy

By ARTHUR R. BOYE

**D**RAWING a sled loaded with newspapers, a team of malamutes raced down the snow-filled street between the rows of rough buildings and out upon the river that lay quiet and still in the grip of the bitter iron cold. A blue-eyed man watched them go and waved a mittened hand to the driver as the racing team carried him out of sight.

Nearly thirty years have passed since that little incident took place at Dawson. A few days ago I sat facing the blue-eyed man across a table in a restaurant at Wallace, Idaho, while he told me the story of a great newspaper experience on a famous frontier.

The man is E. C. Allen, first editor and publisher of the *Klondike Nugget*, a semi-weekly newspaper that had its origin at Dawson when that city teemed with the gold-hungry mob that followed the "trail of '98." He is an alert, slender, smooth-shaven, sandy-haired man of nearly sixty now, and makes his home at Wallace.

"We started with a total capital of \$1,250," he began, referring to himself, Z. F. Hickman, his partner, who was also an experienced newspaperman, and two Seattle business men who were interested in the enterprise only as an investment. "Six hundred dollars of this we invested in our plant, and with the remaining \$650 as working capital and expense money, we sailed for Skagway on the steamship *City of Seattle*, on February 8, 1889.

"From Skagway we chose to go in over the White Pass because we could cross it with dog teams. Hickman had been over the trail previously and knew we'd have to wait at Lake Bennett until the ice cleared before we could complete the journey. So while men strained and fought past us to gain an extra few feet on the trail, we took our time and relayed in our supplies with our two teams, making a half day's run at a time.

"All of our machinery and stock was secured in canvas sacks to weigh as nearly as possible 50 pounds to the sack. No one piece weighed over 100 pounds.

"We took in an old-time Army press. It was little more than a good machine for pulling proofs, although an experienced man could average 500 sheets an hour on it. This, a small Pearl job press, and a small cutter comprised our machine equipment. We had provided ourselves with six-point type for the general news matter, eight-point for editorials and a few

fonts of larger type for headlines and advertising display. Our paper stock was 17 by 22-inch folio. We also carried a supply of letterheads and cards for job work.

"When we reached the junction of the Lake Bennett and Tuschi trails, we had expended all but \$30 of our money. Here Hickman and I parted company. Taking the printing equipment, he continued on to Lake Bennett to whipsaw lumber and build a boat, while I was to go ahead to Dawson and make necessary preliminary arrangements for publishing the paper. We divided the \$30 equally and I took to the 500 mile trail with four dogs, 150 pounds of grub, a tent and a stove.

"I arrived in Dawson with just \$1.65 in cash. The first man I saw that I knew, was George Storey, who at one time had been foreman of the mechanical department of the *Seattle Post Intelligencer*. I had worked for him in the Seattle shop. So just for old times sake I spent \$1.50 of my remaining \$1.65 for drinks for George and myself."

**A** LLEN blew a cloud of cigar smoke towards the ceiling, chuckled to himself at the recollection, then continued:

"Storey furnished me with food and shelter while I made arrangements for the paper and when we started publication he became foreman of the shop.

"I borrowed a piece of land for a period of 90 days, got credit for rough lumber which cost me \$150 a thousand feet, and nails at \$5 a pound. By the time Hickman got in with the outfit, several weeks later, I had managed to get myself in debt several thousand dollars. However, I had a half tent, half frame building ready to move into. The floor and sidewalls were of wood and the roof was of blue drilling. Hinges for the door were not to be had at any price, and I finally rustled an old boot which furnished enough leather for a pair of hinges and a latch.

"To offset the debt I had assumed in constructing the building, I had secured 400 signatures of men who agreed to pay—on receipt of the first copy of the paper—an ounce and a half of gold dust as a year's subscription. I had also closed a number of advertising contracts.

"But that didn't mean money in the pocket. Far from it! Any number of places along the water route, the plant might have sunk to the bottom, and

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# *A Picture of the United States Daily*

By MARTIN CODEL

Who Has Reported for It Since Its Beginning and Now  
Covers the Department of Commerce



OLONEL LINDBERGH Reaches Mexico City Safely!"

That news was front page stuff in nearly every newspaper in the land. But, stirring as it was, it earned only page 3 position on the United States Daily.

A few months from now, perhaps, Colonel Lindbergh will make an official report on his Central American jaunt to the War Department. This report, more than likely, will be full of information of value to aeronautics. The romance in it will probably be hidden under a mass of data.

And the report may win front page position on the Daily, where the flight did not.

There you have the difference between The United States Daily and other newspapers. The Daily presents "the only daily record of the official acts of the legislative, executive and judicial branches of the government." Published six times a week in Washington, it is a unique conception in American journalism, upon which the eyes of the newspaper world have been turned for nearly two years.

"All the facts—no opinion" is the legend on its masthead.

"How's the Daily coming along?" "Who reads it?" "Isn't it dull stuff for a reporter to handle?"

News staff members constantly are plied with these queries by fellow members of the craft. They are constrained to reply to the first that the Daily is doing very well, thank you, and that the "front office" says it will begin to earn money by the time of its second birthday. To the second, they will answer that "big business" reads it primarily, but that it also has a select circulation among schools and libraries, lawyers and judges, diplomats and foreign offices—a circulation totaling, according to last A. B. C. estimates, something over 31,000.

They will reply variously to the third question. The Daily's interest for them, as an assignment, depends upon their individual points of view.

The United States Daily printed its first issue in its own plant on its own presses on March 4, 1926. It was founded by David Lawrence, the noted Washington correspondent, and it is owned by Mr. Lawrence and 59 notable American men and women. These include Owen D. Young, Charles Evans Hughes, Bernard Baruch, Clarence H. Mackay, John W. Davis,

Mrs. Medill McCormick, Robert Lansing, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Julius Rorenwald, Miss Anne Morgan, Samuel Insull, Walter C. Teagle, Colonel E. M. House, and others whose names are well known in various phases of American life.

The increasing centralization of government had gone unchronicled in its day-by-day aspects. The tremendous growth of governmental activity within a short space has built the United States government into the "greatest business organization in the world." Business interests are inevitably intertwined with government, which is a sort of fountain head of economic guidance. Nearly every business man in the land, if not every citizen, has some direct interest or other in Washington.

THE need for an organ of government as a whole, published periodically, was long evident. Government publications like the Official Gazettes of foreign countries had frequently been suggested. Congress, however, never saw fit to establish a periodical that might be subject not only to political prejudices, but to internal and departmental balances as well. There was scarcely any likelihood of the government's going into the business of publishing a daily newspaper, though the project might be highly desirable.

The initiative of David Lawrence, founder of the Consolidated Press Association, today is "putting over" the United States Daily as a private enterprise in response to that demand. The newspaper is backed privately by persons who, for the most part, are not now politically active. Without political leanings, it "covers Washington" in a factual way purely. It contains no news interpretations unless they come from a responsible official of the government. It eschews politics. There are no editorials, cartoons, sports, social items, or light news features.

That the United States Daily is "doing nicely" is evident to those who have watched its growth from its inception. Perhaps not a "money maker" yet, its circulation is mounting slowly but steadily (it is actually above 33,000 at this writing) and its advertising columns are filling accordingly. Its circulation lists embrace every state in the Union and all the Territories, and it is mailed every day to nearly every civilized country on the face of the globe. It is a vast "going concern," employing a huge payroll and grad-

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# Crime Waves—In Short Pants

The Story of How Judge Hulbert, of the Juvenile Court, Induced Detroit Newspapers to Suppress Juvenile Crime News

By MARTIN A. KLAVER



It is nearly two decades since the newspapers of Detroit and the Wayne County Juvenile Court joined in a conspiracy to suppress facts of public interest, facts that were a part of the public records, facts relating to juvenile crime.

The results have been so satisfactory that it is not in the least likely that the bright young newspapermen of the present generation in Detroit will ever have much chance to write, with soft and sympathetic taps, any of the "Little Johnnie" stories. Almost everybody knows these stories by heart, and their headlines are as familiar as advertising slogans. They go like this:

HUMDRUM EXISTENCE PALLS—  
LITTLE JOHNNIE RUNS AWAY.  
NOTHING IN HOUSE TO EAT—  
LITTLE JOHNNIE STEALS FOOD.  
LITTLE JOHNNIE'S GANG  
CORRALLED BY POLICE.

It's too bad, of course, that so rich a journalistic vineyard has been closed to willing laborers. No doubt they could write some tear-starting yarns on such themes as these. And "human interest" stuff, with "good kid art, you know," sells papers.

But literature's loss has been society's gain, and you can take the word of Judge Henry S. Hulbert, the first regularly appointed juvenile court judge ever to sit in Wayne County, for that. It was Judge Hulbert who went to the managing editors of the four newspapers circulating in Detroit at the time he was appointed, put before them the conclusions he had reached from his observations as register of the court, and asked them to agree not to publish news of juvenile crime. They listened to him, asked more than one sharply pointed question, and agreed.

Judge Hulbert can tell this story better than anyone else. He told it so well to four hard-headed managing editors that they voluntarily dammed a fine, free-flowing source of sob stories. He says that all he did was put the facts, as he knew them, before them. Yet, since then, one of the four newspapers has been absorbed into another and a third has become a Hearst publication. These changes have made not the slightest difference.

The judge is tall, slim, and youthful appearing in spite of sandy hair that is beginning to grow sparse and the wrinkles that women smooth out but men do

not. In his home he wears slippers and a collar-attached white shirt. He doesn't hide the shirt with coat, dressing gown, or smoking jacket.

"Wayne County made an attempt to establish a juvenile court in 1905," Judge Hulbert said, when he retold the story for *THE QUILL*. "But such a court was unconstitutional, and the judge sat only long enough to hear one case—the test case. In 1907 the legislature passed a law placing juvenile delinquency in the hands of the probate court. In 1909, I was appointed a second probate judge under the law as it was amended by the 1909 legislature.

"I had been probate register, and I had sat in enough to be in the rhythm of things. From what I had seen, I decided that the publicity the newspapers had given to the new court had been doing a great deal of harm. The first thing I did was to go to the managing editors of *The Evening News*, *The Journal*, *The Times*, and *The Free Press*."

THE use of stories naming boys who had been brought into the court, and identifying them both by their street addresses and the grade rooms of their schools, had been making the efforts of the court barren of good results. Not only that, semi-humorous stories and pictures of boy criminals had resulted in scores of new cases with imitative, publicity-loving boys in the chief roles. They had a not unnatural liking for the fame the reporters were willing to give them.

"Whenever a boy went back to school after he had figured in a juvenile court case, he met a tremendous wall of adverse sentiment," Judge Hulbert went on. "Either he was exposed to ridicule, or he was completely ostracized. He was literally forced to go on with his wrongdoing to justify himself; his school-mates wouldn't let him reform.

"It was the same with girls, except that it was worse. They were pointed at and whispered about—and avoided. They simply could not have the second chance the court was willing to give them because it was impossible for them to stay in school.

"The publicity not only branded the boys and girls who made mistakes—queerly enough it made heroes and heroines of them in the eyes of other boys and girls who thought that notoriety of that kind was desirable. That was proven time and again. I remember two instances of it particularly well.

"When the court was first established, we had no

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# WOULD YOU PUBLISH THE

## *Read It, Decide, and Then Find Out*

By GEORGE F.

**W**HERE do the rights of the individual end and the rights of the public begin? Nearly every day the newspaper man, whether he be reporter or managing editor, has to ask himself this question. And because he has also to answer it, THE QUILL has sought light on the subject, from men who have demonstrated their judgment and ability.

As a basis of discussion, THE QUILL offered the following hypothetical case:

*The popular John Goodman, prominent socially and chairman of the local associated charities, crashes into a telephone pole, wrecks his car, and injures himself and his woman companion. A policeman sees the accident, calls the ambulance, and has the two taken to receiving hospital before they are identified by onlookers. At the hospital your reporter learns the following facts:*

*That the woman in the accident is not Mr. Goodman's wife, but a notorious character; that both Mr. Goodman and the woman were under the influence of liquor; that Goodman was taking her home from a roadhouse party and was speeding when the accident occurred. Both will probably be discharged from the hospital this morning, and the police are willing to overlook the accident and prefer no charges.*

*Here's a good story. The man is prominent, the woman notorious. The newspaper runs no risk in publishing the story because the facts are a matter of police records. But Goodman has a wife, a daughter at boarding school, and a son at college. The publication of this story will wreck their faith in him, cause them many years of unhappiness, and destroy his own influence for good in the community.*

Such was the hypothetical case. About it, THE QUILL asked three questions: Would you use this story? Would it make any difference to you if the man were a large user of advertising space? What other considerations would influence you in your decision?

Most agreed that they would publish the story, not so much because of its interest as because they felt the public ought to be told. Everyone said that the advertising consideration could not keep the story out of the paper, though one managing editor admitted he'd be in for a battle royal with the business office.

On the other hand, a spirited minority demanded the killing of the story. They felt that no public interest was involved, and that therefore the feelings of the family should be spared. In rebuttal, again, one editor declared that for the sake of the family the story should be published—"If Goodman were my father I should thank any paper that would inform me of his faithlessness to my mother, because I do not wish to falsely reverence anyone." This from Marlen E. Pew, editor of *Editor & Publisher*.

Those who would publish the story frankly admit they would get no pleasure from doing it. They would do it out of a sense of duty.

"I should think the determining factor would be Goodman's connection with the local charities," is the opinion of W. S. Gilmore, managing editor of *The Detroit News*. "Such a man is almost a public official, in that he is in charge of funds contributed by the public, and if his character falls short of the estimate placed on it when he was entrusted with such responsibility the public has a right to the facts. It is assumed that the newspaper that is now puzzled whether to expose Mr. Goodman's misconduct printed the story of his selection for the charities post. That announcement was in a way an assurance to the people that he was an upright citizen, one to whom they might send their subscriptions to charity with confidence that the money would be wisely administered. Whether this joy-ride proves him unfit is for the charities donors to determine, but at least they should be given the truth about the man so they could make their own decision."

A. H. Kirchhofer, managing editor of the *Buffalo Evening News*, sees in Mr. Goodman's prominence no reason for shielding him. He feels, indeed, that that prominence is a challenge to the newspaper's fairness. If a Nobody were involved in the same accident, he points out, the story would certainly be printed. He writes:

**T**HE Nobody, though moving in humbler circles, would be subject to the same reactions that await Goodman. . . . Of course, the story of Goodman's escapade would be read more avidly than that of the Nobody's, and his dereliction no doubt would hurt his family more than himself; but that is always true. If Goodman, instead of hitting the telephone pole with his car, in his drunken condition had killed his woman companion, would anyone seriously suggest that the news ought to be suppressed because he was prominent, because he was an advertiser, or on account of the distress it would inflict upon his family?"

Everyone agrees that the story, if published, should be handled circumspectly—without sensationalism.

"I would print it as more or less casual news," says Mr. Kirchhofer. So would H. Z. Mitchell, editor of the *Bemidji (Minn.) Sentinel*. R. Ray Baker, editor of the *Ann Arbor Times-News*, writes:

"I would publish the story that Goodman crashed into the pole and was injured. The 'notorious wom-

# THE JOHN GOODMAN STORY?

## Find Out What Others Think About It

BY GEORGE F. PIERROT

an' need not be mentioned, since it is a story of Goodman's accident, an accident that occurred in public, with a 'public man' as the 'victim.' Since he was not formally charged with being drunk, the liquor angle is not a legitimate part of the story. The drinking is a matter of inference or suspicion, and the reporter is not supposed to infer."

"I would tell the story without frills," states F. W. Beekman, formerly managing editor of the *Des Moines Register* and now editor of the *Farmer's Wife*. "I would put the facts plainly but not sensationally, giving the story no undue prominence and avoiding exaggeration of its value as news. The story should be told to meet the demands of fair play and impartiality and to avoid mere pandering to vicious instincts." Mr. Beekman also sounds a note which occurs in all the letters—sympathy for the family!

"It is hard to invade their private feelings," he admits, "but the public needs to know what kind of a man Goodman is." . . . "The family is the only consideration that would interest us," says Royal Brougham, managing editor of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. He adds, however: "But if prominent citizens think newspapers are afraid to print news of their orgies, which endanger lives of other citizens, then they will continue to sneer at the law, and their families would probably suffer in the end, anyway."

Two editors want to know why the police were so ready to "forget" the accident. "Why were the police 'willing to overlook the accident and prefer no charges?'" asks Walter P. McGuire, editor and publisher of the *Lapeer County Press*, (Michigan). "That might be the real story, unsuppressable, three violations of law being alleged and undenied—intoxication, driving while drunk, and speeding." And Marvin H. Creager, managing editor of the *Milwaukee Journal*, says that "we probably would not print the story outlined if the police did not carry the matter through, unless the man was a chronic offender and

there was evidence that the police had been 'seen.'"

The people who complain that the editorial side has been sold out to large advertisers will take comfort in the unanimous repudiation of the suggestion that because Goodman was a substantial customer of the paper his misdeeds should remain hidden.

"I do not believe it would make any difference to the *Plain Dealer* if the man were a large user of advertising space," is Erie C. Hopwood's contribution to this phase of the subject. "As a matter of fact, we had a very similar story during the last year involving a large advertiser, and the report of the accident and the name of the man were used. It happened in this case that the woman in the party was a perfectly respectable woman of the highest social standing and the relations of her family with the family of the man who sustained the accident were very close and entirely proper. In that case we did not use the name of the woman because we felt that an entirely unwarranted deduction would be drawn from it."

J. R. Snyder, publisher of the *Gary Post-Tribune*, also feels that the advertising consideration wouldn't prevent him from running the story. He doubts, however, whether publication of the story would cause Goodman to withdraw his business. "Advertisers," he points out, "do not spend large sums of money with newspapers just because they may happen to like

the people who run them. Every consistent user of advertising space makes a profit from it, and the policy of the paper regarding news would not drive him away."

Gardner Cowles, Jr., managing editor of the *Des Moines Register & Tribune*, even feels that the fact that Goodman is a substantial advertiser is additional reason for publishing the story.

"Nothing so hurts the reputation of newspapers," he says, "as the prevailing belief that the feelings of the big advertisers come ahead of the public interest in the news handling."

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### "I think your symposium will show wide divergences of opinion"

wrote Erie C. Hopwood, editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, when THE QUILL put the John Goodman case to him. He was right. The replies were not only divergent, but thought provoking. There wasn't room in this issue for all of them, so watch for the rest in March. Ex-Governor Henry J. Allen, editor of the *Wichita Beacon*, contributes a keenly incisive one. So does Vernon McKenzie, dean of the school of journalism at the University of Washington. And Walter P. McGuire, editor of the *Lapeer County Press*, proposes that the story be written but unpublished—he would use it in such a way that John Goodman would be "cured" for the rest of his days. These men, and others, will have their say in the

MARCH QUILL



## *The Romance of the Klondike Nugget*

(Continued on page 9)

the *Klondike Nugget* would never have existed. The 400 names on the subscription list represented \$9,000 that could be realized on the first publication of the paper. While I took these subscriptions, I also maintained a bulletin board in front of the future newspaper office on which I placed written accounts of the most important happenings.

"Finally came the day when Hickman arrived with the plant. He had experienced an eventful trip down Lake Bennett, Lake Tagish, past the dangerous Miles Canyon and White Horse Rapids of Fifty Mile river, through Lake LeBarge, down the Thirty Mile and Lewis rivers and finally to the Yukon and Dawson. But the big fact is that he arrived with the plant, and on June 16, 1889, the first edition of the *Klondike Nugget* was published.

"Single copies sold for fifty cents each!" Allen laughed at the statement. "I'll tell you how we came to determine the price. When we left Seattle, a newspaper could be bought for a nickel and so could a glass of beer. So when we arrived at Dawson and found beer to be fifty cents a glass we concluded that fifty cents would be about the right charge to make for a newspaper. The second year of publication, we sold single copies for twenty-five cents each.

"Advertising rates were \$1 a line for locals and from \$5 to \$7.50 an inch for display matter, according to contract. As the paper was only a four-column four-page sheet we limited an advertiser's space to a two column six. All advertising was paid for each week."

HOW did you get your news?" I asked him.

"All sorts of ways," he replied. "The small news of the camps was gathered by the boys who carried the papers. One man covered the Sulphur and Gold Run districts and another the Hunker and Dominion. We paid the carriers \$300 a month! In the winter they made the rounds with a team of dogs and a sled and in the summer they packed the papers on their backs. When something big developed, a man went out especially to cover it.

"The *Nugget* staff was made up of skillful newspapermen. Jack Underwood, who later wrote a book on Alaska, and who now represents the Seattle chamber of commerce at Washington D. C., and Arthur Buell, who has since been successful as a cartoonist, both wrote for the paper. We were always on the watch for men from the outside, as they formed our only connection with the outside world. Many times newcomers would have a copy of an outside paper with them, and these we were eager to get.

"From the beginning, our policy was to champion the cause of the honest miners, the men who made up the backbone of the country. We held rigidly to this policy and always published the truth and the whole truth, though oftentimes it led to great bitterness. Several times I was involved in lawsuits.

"In the summer of '98, Hickman was taken ill with typhoid fever and had to leave for the outside. Not wishing to carry all the responsibility for the enterprise for only a portion of the profits, I went out in August of that year and bought out the three-quarters interest held by my three partners, for \$5,000. I returned to Dawson in October and stayed and edited the paper until March, 1900, when I disposed of it and went to Nome. Later I went to Teller and started the *Teller News*.

"But, when I disposed of the *Nugget*, I retained the bound volume containing copies of all the papers printed the first year. I have carried it with me since that day. It is the only complete first volume of the paper in existence."

"What value do you place upon the volume?" I asked.

"I really can't place a valuation upon it," he replied, "but like old wine its value increases with age. I don't know what I shall finally do with it.

"I have been approached by several publishers, but none of their propositions seemed worthy of the material. I should like to see it transferred into something that will live. In it is the true substance for a great classic. Its pages mirror the actions and thoughts of the men and women who made up the great stampede of '98. It is a record of events as they occurred from day to day. Trained newspapermen caught the atmosphere of the place and left it preserved in the pages of the old volume. It teems with action, color, life.

"I often go through the pages and live again some of the old days up there. I made a fortune and lost it again, but there is nothing on this earth that I would take in exchange for the experience. I am glad to have been one whose footsteps followed the great trail of '98. In that experience, I learned the bigness of life—I made friends with big mountains, big glaciers, big rivers and big men."

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Morris Edwards, Butler associate member of Sigma Delta Chi, and state editor of the Associated Press in Indiana, has recently gone to Washington, D. C., to assume a position with the United States Chamber of Commerce. His work will have to do chiefly with state and local taxation.



### McKENZIE IS NEW WASHINGTON DEAN

In one of the delightful Oz books, (which to unimaginative people are of interest to children only) there appears a Woggle Bug who always follows his signature with the letters "T. E." The "T. E.," he explains proudly, stands for "Thoroughly Educated."

The two letters admirably fit Vernon McKenzie, new dean of journalism at the University of Washington. McKenzie has held some fourteen journalistic jobs, stretching from San Francisco to Ottawa, and from Glasgow to the Riviera. Before he joined the Washington faculty in January of this year, McKenzie was associate editor-in-chief of the International Book Company, which publishes *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, and other magazines in the United States and England.

McKenzie took his B.A. at the University of Toronto (Victoria College) in 1909. Previous to this time, and after it, he had purposely led the life of a vagabond journalist, seeing service in city rooms in Seattle, Tacoma, Winnipeg, Toronto and a dozen other places. In 1913, with the idea eventually of teaching, he took his Master's in international relations at Harvard. This training was to be helpful to him when, seven years later, he served as Canadian Government Trade Commissioner for Scotland and Ireland, with headquarters at Glasgow.

When the World War broke out McKenzie enlisted in the Canadian Expeditionary Force, changing later to the Royal Air Force. He returned to Canada to join the staff of *MacLean's Magazine*, of which he became editor in 1920. During his editorship *MacLean's* became Canada's leading magazine. He joined the International Book Company early in 1926, and his first assignment was a year abroad, with headquarters in London, contracting and buying material from such eminent Europeans as Blasco Ibanez, H. G. Wells, and Sir Philip Gibbs.

But ever since his Harvard days McKenzie had been unable to shake off his intention to teach. His success in extension journalism classes at the University of Toronto had intensified this ambition. In January, 1928, he ceased resisting it, and accepted the Washington deanship.

### INDIANA ASSOCIATE WINS POST

Earle E. Martin, Indiana associate member of Sigma Delta Chi, has been chosen industrial commissioner for Cleveland, Ohio. The post is regarded as second in importance to that of city manager. Mr. Martin has held editorships on Indianapolis newspapers, and for many years was identified with the Scripps-Howard papers. At one time he was editor-in-chief of the Ohio group.

### SIGMA DELTA CHI HAS INTERNATIONAL OFFICE



GEORGE COURCIER

Sigma Delta Chi's new international headquarters, established at the last national convention, is now in full operation in the Chicago Daily Drovers Journal building, 836 Exchange Avenue, Chicago.

Sitting at the desk of the permanent assistant secretary is George Courcier (Oregon State, '28), recently appointed to the job by the executive council of the fraternity. Cour-

cier made an excellent record on the campus, serving as president of his chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, as night editor of the college daily, and as editor of several other publications. He is a member of Hammer and Coffin, national humor fraternity, and of Sigma Omicron Lambda, senior men's honorary. In addition to taking part in many activities, he made a good scholarship record and worked his way through school.

To Courcier will go the job of consolidating the work of the national secretary, national treasurer and alumni secretary in one office. He will be guided in his work by Ward A. Neff, of the Corn Belt Farm Dailies, former national president. It is through Ward Neff, who has donated space for headquarters—rent free—in the Drovers Journal building, that the fraternity is able to establish central headquarters at this time.

The central office will relieve the fraternity officers of all bookkeeping and much correspondence. It will speed up business transactions, and will eliminate a great deal of expense. Present officers hope that it will result in bringing into the active management of the fraternity many newspaper and magazine executives who have been too busy to take on the back-breaking load of work that any national office, heretofore, has required.

Know what a "scout" is? A journalistic "scout"?

In the April QUILL, Vernon McKenzie, now dean of journalism at the University of Washington, will take you over Europe "scouting" for the International Book Company—for *Cosmopolitan*, *Good Housekeeping*, and other magazines.

You'll meet Ibanez, Wells, and other great writers, informally, fascinatingly. In the April QUILL.

# THE QUILL

THE QUILL is published by Sigma Delta Chi in the months of February, April, June, August, October, and December. It is devoted exclusively to the interests of journalists engaged in professional work and of young men studying journalism in American and Canadian colleges and universities. It is the official publication of Sigma Delta Chi, international professional journalistic fraternity, founded at DePauw University, April 17, 1909.

Publications quoting any of the articles in this magazine, please credit "The Quill of Sigma Delta Chi."

Editorial offices: 550 West Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan.

Managing Editor: Franklin M. Reck.

Advisory Editor: George F. Pierrot, Managing Editor, The American Boy Magazine, Detroit, Michigan.

Associate Editors: Lee A. White, the Detroit News; Mitchell V. Charnley, Short Stories Magazine, Garden City, L. I., New York; Martin Klaver, The American Boy, Detroit; Richard W. Beckman, Railway Age, Chicago.

## CIRCULATION AND ADVERTISING

836 Exchange Avenue, Chicago

Circulation Manager: Richard Singer.

Advertising Manager: Charles Snyder, editor the Chicago Daily Drivers Journal.

All inquiries relative to advertising rates, subscriptions and subscribers' changes in address should go to 836 Exchange Avenue.

Subscription rates: \$1.00 per year, in advance, to both members and non-members. Life, \$20.00.

Entered as second class matter, at Fulton, Mo., under the act of March 3, 1879.

## FEBRUARY, 1928

### PREREQUISITES

Whatever things of import may have had consideration at the Iowa City conference of the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism, two have stood forth conspicuously. One was the proposal of amendments to the constitution of the association calling for the organization of schools of journalism as academic units separate from other colleges in a university, and the completion of two years of work in liberal arts as a prerequisite to admission to courses in journalism. The other was a proposal that five years of experience on a first class newspaper is declared a prerequisite to the teaching of journalism.

It is not surprising that, after vigorous disputation, action was deferred for a year.

Whether journalism can and should be taught in our major educational institutions is no longer a subject of profitable discussion, experience having rendered an answer in the affirmative. If there are further certainties which are the product of this experience, they are: That the legitimate function of a course in journalism is the teaching of the essentials of a profession rather than the technique of a trade; and that this implies developing in the student an attitude of mind toward a body of knowledge variously acquired outside the professional classroom.

Pride and convenience may suggest mechanical changes in the organization and administration of schools of journalism within a university, but the student and practitioner of the profession will still view as more essential an elevation of the standards of admission to the ranks of teachers of journalism, and a

deeper and more scholarly approach to the content of courses.

The steps leading up to the conversion of departments into schools and colleges are mainly political, and well understood by teachers. The method by which the instruction given may be improved is not so evident, but is worthy of the thought that the year's interim between conventions affords. A five-year novitiate in journalism would certainly alter the pronouncements of some classroom lecturers for the better; but it could be no guarantee of a right outlook upon the press as a socially significant and influential institution.

### SLIMY JOURNALISM

It's hard, sometimes, to frame a definition that says exactly what you want it to. So THE QUILL, instead of defining newspaper filth, will offer an example of it.

A few weeks ago a wretched man and a wretched woman were led to the electric chair at Ossining. Many of the New York newspapers catered to morbid curiosity by over-describing the execution. But one, a tabloid, outraged even the doubtful ethics of its kind by printing a picture of Ruth Snyder straining at her shackles as her life traveled out over the wire. The way this picture was obtained is as sickening as the callous indecency that prompted its publication.

A photographer for this "tab," so the story goes, paid \$300 for a pass into the death chamber. In his watch pocket was sewed a tiny camera; another strapped to his ankle, thrust its round eye beneath his trouser leg. The reporter got himself a chair in the front row.

When the current leaped through the wires and Ruth Snyder started convulsively, this photographer snapped both cameras. A guard, seeing the glint of glass, hurried toward him. The photographer, knowing that if his errand was discovered he would be treated as roughly as he deserved, pretended sudden illness. He rose, covered his face with his hands, and staggered toward the door. Another guard let him out the door, and a moment later he was in a fast automobile, speeding toward New York.

His newspaper is said to have given him a cash bonus, and to have sold more than a million and a half of copies.

It may be hard to define journalistic filth, but here is a perfect exemplification of it.

The fascinating story of how a newspaper was produced in Dawson, during the gold rush of '98, is told by Arthur B. Boye in this issue of THE QUILL. A year's subscription brought an ounce and a half of gold dust, and single copies sold for fifty cents! One-way tickets for Alaska are on sale down the street!



## NEW YORK HEADQUARTERS

Sigma Delta Chi has a New York headquarters. It is in Suite 1700, Times Building, where Broadway, Seventh Avenue, and 42nd Street come together on jostling, intimate terms.

This office is established through the courtesy of James Wright Brown, publisher of *Editor and Publisher*, former honorary president of the fraternity, whose interest in Sigma Delta Chi grows keener every day. The offices are a part of the *Editor and Publisher* suite.

## SPEED!

Mr. Hearst's New York American is now housed on the docks of the East River in what is said to be the fastest newspaper plant in the world.

It was to one of the editors of this publication that the sensational and fraudulent Mexican documents were referred, after their purchase, "for check as to authenticity."

When the Senate roasted a crow for Mr. Hearst to eat, he bethought himself of submission of the documents to his own choice of handwriting experts, to check the findings of those employed by the Senate. It took them no time at all to discover that the documents were not only spurious but crudely so. This decision they might have reached many weeks before. Instead, men and institutions to whom the Nation is much beholden were traduced.

There are things infinitely more vital to the good repute of journalism and the well-being of the public than swift-moving machines, and production-line methods of assembling newspapers. Foremost of these is the passion for accuracy and justice.

## FOUNDERS' DAY

On April 17 alumni and undergraduate chapters of Sigma Delta Chi will commemorate the founding of the fraternity at DePauw, in 1909.

Recent conventions have urged upon chapters the observing of this day, each spring. They have urged it because it is well for the fraternity to stop once in a while

and take stock of itself—to look back over the road it has traveled and to set its course for the future.

It will be well to note, next April 17, that Sigma Delta Chi now has 40 undergraduate chapters that will send out, this year, some four hundred young men into newspaper and magazine work. It will be well to remember that these men have been taught certain standards of journalism; that many of them will, perhaps, be nauseated when they learn the extent to which these standards must be compromised with; that the majority of them will hold fast to their ideas of what is right and set about, sometime, to correct conditions that obviously need correcting.

On April 17, members may note the steady growth of the fraternity during its nineteen years of existence, and appreciate the fact that it has grown because it has filled a definite need in American journalism.

In a letter to President James A. Stuart, Mr. Eric C. Hopwood, editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer and president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, said:

"I think you know that I believe thoroughly in Sigma Delta Chi. In every instance where I have attended its meetings and met its members, I have been impressed by the same quality of sincerity and the *desire to do something looking toward better journalistic standards* that impresses and interests you, with your much wider knowledge of its operations." It will be well for the fraternity to remember this objective, on April 17.

## Officers of Sigma Delta Chi

Honorary President—Harvey Ingham, editor of The Des Moines Register.

Past President—Roy L. French, professor of journalism, University of Southern California.

President—James A. Stuart, managing editor, The Indianapolis Star.

First Vice-President—Franklin M. Reek, The American Boy Magazine, Detroit.

Second Vice-President—Bristow Adams, editor of publications, New York State College of Agriculture, Ithaca, N. Y.

Secretary—Robert B. Tarr, city editor of The Press, Pontiac, Michigan.

Treasurer—Maurice Ryan, editor of The World, Devils' Lake, North Dakota.

Alumni Secretary—Edwin V. O'Neel, city editor, The Indianapolis Times.

Executive Councillors—Charles Snyder, Daily Drivers Journal, Chicago; Norman J. Radder, professor of journalism, Indiana University, Bloomington; Walter Humphrey, Fort Worth Press, and Robert Y. Kerr, National Lumberman, Chicago.

Personnel Bureau Director—J. G. Earhart, Daily Drivers Journal, 836 Exchange Avenue, Chicago.

All letters relative to the fraternity's business should be addressed to George Courcier, assistant secretary, International Headquarters of Sigma Delta Chi, 836 Exchange Avenue, Chicago.

Sigma Delta Chi men wishing jobs, managing editors wishing to employ Sigma Delta Chi men, get in touch with the personnel bureau director, J. G. Earhart, 836 Exchange Avenue, Chicago.

## WOE UNTO YOU, SCRIBE!

It's only fair that a newspaper should distinguish between its secular and religious news: An Evansville, Indiana, newspaper uses a very terse and compelling slug to designate its churchly matter. One day, the compositor inadvertently allowed the slugs to get into the paper, and at the top of each column of church news, under the head, there appeared in caps the words "God's Junk." No wonder a committee of ministers waited upon the damned editor!



### ***Newspapers! Call the Doctor!***

*(Continued from page 4)*

reports of newly discovered cures for tuberculosis, scarlet fever, cancer, and pneumonia. Beware of the stories that tell of the remarkable powers possessed by some individual physician, such as those concerning Dr. Coue. How many people know that Dr. Coue was a gigantic business venture?"

In one year, newspapers reported five cures for tuberculosis. Not one of them was authentic. Two years ago, in Chicago, an organization composed almost wholly of individuals promoting unusual and unestablished methods of treating cancer held a special session in one of the large hotels. From these sessions came two "discoveries" of new cures for cancer. Papers throughout the United States carried the story. Neither cure had a scientific basis.

Quacks, today, are maintaining publicity agents—and their methods of getting into print are unique. One, for instance, claimed to have anesthetized patients with violin music! With similar astounding announcements shysters have secured vast amounts of newspaper space for which there was not the slightest justification.

The way for the newspaper to protect its readers from unreliable medical stories is to cooperate with the American Medical Association. In Kansas City, Minneapolis and Oklahoma City, newspapers have formed alliances with the local medical association.

Through such alliances, the press can weed out from the mass of medical publicity the true and gripping stories that are really news, such as the discovery of insulin for the treatment of diabetes, and the discovery of the cause of scarlet fever.

The newspaper is the greatest agency for the education of the public in matters of health. And by the publication only of authentic news, the newspaper can effectively overcome the evils of quackery, of cultism, and of medical fraud.

### ***A Picture of the United States Daily***

*(Continued from page 10)*

ually approaching a point where it will stand among the strongly intrenched daily journals of the country.

So much for the first two inquiries.

From the start, the United States Daily has offered no exciting prospect for a reporter, unless he had had his fill of sports, police and the average run of city desk assignments. But it does offer to the discerning an opportunity to do what most reporters realize too late they have failed to do—specialize. Reporters on the Daily specialize in departments of government and, through these departments, in fundamental economic activities of the country.

If legislation, diplomacy, the law, finance, the military, agriculture, commerce, labor and science are dull, then the job of reporting for the United States Daily is dull. But the men assigned to cover the White House, Congress, the departments and the courts cannot afford to be dullards.

The Daily is a morning paper with an early evening deadline to enable it to reach the early night trains out of Washington. It doesn't permit its men to become too harried to handle the news completely and with complete authenticity.

The news in the Daily is primarily of the "service" type—service to business men, trade associations, railroads, scientists, lawyers, bankers, agriculturists, military men, state and foreign governments.

New government publications of direct aid to business and science, laws, court decisions, statements of governmental policy, trade opportunity lists, reports from consular and trade agents abroad—these are a few of the "service" items published day by day in the United States Daily. The gloss and glamor of fine writing and the vim and go of reporting exciting events are not for the reporters on the Daily.

The Daily's forte—and herein is where it differs from most newspapers—is the publishing of the full texts of significant statements, reports or decisions. These the reporter handles by writing leads of one to ten paragraphs which are inclusive but non-interpretative summaries, following with the full text. The Daily's lead paragraphs are not unlike those of the ordinary newspaper, except that the lead sentence must mention whether statements are "written" or "oral." Also, instead of "today" or "yesterday" for the time allusion, the date of the month is mentioned.

The urge of writing the "big" story, of course, is not always satisfied by having the other fellow tell it—especially the government official with his usual penchant for drab recital of facts in written or oral statements. But a grasp of fundamentals is obtainable by careful reading of the reports of government experts. The subscriber to the Daily is interested presumably in the straightaway facts and not in an unnamed, and often untutored, reporter's interpretation.

It is a tremendous undertaking, this United States Daily, and one that is bound to succeed and establish itself as an American institution. It is a newspaper that is read by those who want only the thoroughly reliable news, accredited directly to the person or agency responsible for the issuance of the particular facts. It will be read more and more as the business and professional men of the nation realize and appreciate their closer and closer relationship to the federal government.

**Crime Waves—In Short Pants***(Continued from page 11)*

juvenile detention home. Boys were kept in a room on the third floor of the County Building. Being together that way, naturally they began to think of ways to get out. The first way they found was through the door. Some inquisitive youngster found out that the mouldings could be taken off and the panel removed. Quite a few boys escaped that way before the mystery was solved—and it was a genuine mystery because the panel could be replaced.

"The escapes got into the papers, naturally, in a number of stories. Soon we began dealing with boys who committed an offense with the sole purpose of being locked up in that room so they could get out again. The boy who got arrested and then escaped was a hero!

"It kept on even after we stopped up that hole, and pretty soon we had another problem to meet. Some adventurous boy managed to get a window open and climb over the sill and down to a stone ledge, about two feet wide, a few feet below. He walked all around the building on that ledge and climbed back in again. Others followed his example, and before we knew it one of the papers had published a picture of one of the boys walking around the ledge.

**T**HAT ledge-walking stunt appealed to boys. Within two or three days we had a wave of petty crimes and misdemeanors, committed by boys who wanted to walk around the ledge and get their pictures in the papers. We found 40 or more boys in the next few weeks, with that clipping in their pockets.

"A little later on we had an outbreak of grain stealing that gave us real anxiety. It was the custom, in those days, to let boys sweep out grain cars that had been unloaded. From the cracks and seams they could get a peek or more of grain, corn or whatnot, that made perfectly good chicken feed. They could take it home or sell it, just as they liked.

"Soon, and inevitably, some boy thought of a way to get more grain to sell. Whoever it was, got hold of a brake key, shoved it up under some loose boards on the outside of the car, gave a wrench or two, and was rewarded with a small trickle of grain that had got in between the shell and lining of the car. Eventually a few lads were caught, and the newspapers printed the story.

"That should have ended the affair, but in reality it was only the beginning of it. In a little while we began to hear of cars that were short any number of bushels when they were unloaded. The police couldn't catch the thief or find out how he was getting grain out of the cars, and probably they never would have caught him if he hadn't been so proud of himself, and

so willing to have his picture in the paper. He confessed—came in voluntarily and told us all about it.

"His scheme was simple enough. He just took an augur, bored a hole through the floor of the car, and let the grain fall into a bag. If it stopped running, he tapped the floor until it started again. When his bag was full, he corked up the hole and went away. A million policemen could have passed the car while he was working without ever seeing him as he lay hidden between the wheels.

"It was a story, and the newspapers played it. From then on, until the novelty was worn off, the railroads lost grain. The thing was almost an epidemic.

"These were the things I was thinking of when I asked the newspapers not to print juvenile crime stories. I had no difficulty in persuading them to cooperate with me, and they kept to their agreement.

"Whenever we had a serious case I always took the trouble to send the facts to the different papers, asking them not to use the story and telling them why, but adding that if they thought they must publish the story I wanted them to have it ungarbled. Usually they didn't use it."

**E**VEN The Detroit Times, when it went into the hands of William Randolph Hearst after its circulation had sunk almost to zero, kept the agreement that its former owner had made.

"I thought that was rather remarkable," Judge Hulbert remarked. "They were coming into a new field, with a steep uphill fight to make. Almost anything was valuable to the management of The Times. I shouldn't be very surprised at any newspaper, in such a situation, demanding access to the records.

"In Massachusetts, I understand, the law had to be changed to forbid the use of juvenile court records. With the newspapers helping, that hasn't been necessary here. The whole attitude of the newspapers has done a great deal to make the work of the juvenile court effective. They've been glad to give us publicity when we needed it to locate a lost child, or to broadcast a description of a child the police had picked up."

Judge Hulbert does not believe, however, that suppression of crime news concerning older boys would be of any great benefit unless Michigan's entire system of dealing with youthful criminals were revised. The crimes of older boys constitute a different case and have no place in this article.

It's the boy under 17 years old—imaginative, hero-worshiping, and imitative—who is most susceptible to the bad influences of the "Little Johnnie" story. And Detroit newspapers, because of the clear-sightedness of Judge Hulbert, have voluntarily agreed that the news value of this type of story doesn't balance the evil it does.



## Would You Publish the John Goodman Story?

(Continued from page 13)

"If Goodman were a large user of advertising space," says Walter McGuire, "that fact alone would not impel me to withhold publication of a discreditable story about him, (the story being true). However, large business relations with him in advertising, doubtless would have given us an impression of his character and business principles and this probably would influence the manner of handling the story."

Royal Brougham says frankly that "it would cause another strenuous argument with the advertising department," but he adds with equal frankness that "we haven't lost any decisions to them yet."

The editors who would not print the story give humanitarian reasons. They feel, as a rule, that the story might entirely destroy Goodman's usefulness. And they do not want the family humiliated.

Duncan Halliday, assistant city editor of the *Toronto Globe*, believes that "wrecked faith, unhappiness and destroyed influence for good in the community" outweigh any news value the story may have. And he adds cannily that "its news value is not strong enough to override the possibility of a libel suit." Oswald Garrison Villard, crusading editor of *The Nation*, says the story shouldn't be published because it involves no principle of real public interest. "When I ran the *New York Evening Post*, which I did for twenty-one years," Mr. Villard writes, "no story of this kind ever found a place in its columns unless the man was a public official, thus creating a direct public issue." Napier Moore, editor of *MacLean's Magazine*, agrees with Mr. Villard that publication would in no way serve the interests of the community. Walter McGuire would not publish the story if it were Goodman's first offense, but probably would if he had been guilty of similar misconduct before. J. R. Snyder feels that consideration for the wife and children might keep him from using the story.

Nelson Antrim Crawford's views on this subject are especially interesting because, besides being a former newspaper man and teacher of journalism, he is the author of a book entitled "The Ethics of Journalism." He writes:

"Certainly I should publish the story. The newspaper has an implied contract with its readers to furnish the news of the community and this manifestly is news. Also, the newspaper, like every other quasi-public institution in a state based on the principle of equality of responsibility and opportunity, is obligated to treat people alike in its news columns. It has no justification for extending favor or disfavor to any person because he is rich or poor, prominent or notorious, a capitalist or a communist.

"In the case of accidents, a newspaper has an added reason for publishing the news. Accidents are increasingly

endangering the public safety. The danger would be increased if publicity or the fear of it did not cause a certain degree of care.

"In my estimation, the interest of the public must outweigh the probable unhappiness of the man and his family and the possible effect upon his influence in the community. So far as his influence is concerned, if he is a person of substantial worth, the effect will be merely temporary. If, on the other hand, he is a man of essentially low standards, his actual influence cannot but have been constantly colored by them, and is therefore not so valuable as might be supposed. The average community has too much of a tendency to make plaster saints of its luncheon club heroes, and the sooner it gets rid of such a tendency, the better.

"There is, however, something to be said as to the way in which the story should be handled. The proper interest of the public is concerned only with the accident, its cause, and who figured in it. Why the man and the woman were together, or where they had been, is a matter of private and not public concern. For example, a reporter who sees a couple at a roadhouse has no justification for publishing the fact, no matter how prominent or notorious either or both of them may be or how sensational the story will prove. I mention this to emphasize the fact that the story of the accident should deal with the pertinent facts of the accident, and not include gratuitous comment by the reporter on the prominence or character of those involved.

"Nor should any reference be made to the family of Mr. Goodman. It would seem unnecessary to make this observation were it not for the fact that newspapers show a growing tendency to invade privacy in the interest not of public usefulness, but of morbid curiosity. For example, in the Hickman murder case, many papers, including at least one which boasts with disgusting frequency of its freedom from sensationalism, published pictures of Hickman's mother and sister. Anybody who can defend this on any other ground than that of giving the least intelligent and most morbid section of the public what it wants, has more resources of logic than I have.

"The fact that the man involved in your hypothetical story was a large user of advertising space should make no difference as to the publication of the story. A newspaper following any other policy cannot make an ethical, or ordinarily even a financial, success."

## HOPWOOD IS HONORARY MEMBER

Erie C. Hopwood, editor of *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*, and president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, was selected by the 1928 convention as national honorary member for the coming year. In a letter to Mr. Stuart, he says:

"I am quite frankly delighted at the honor done me by Sigma Delta Chi. I have no particular illusions about myself, and it is a surprise as well as a pleasure that this organization should have found me worthy of its recognition.

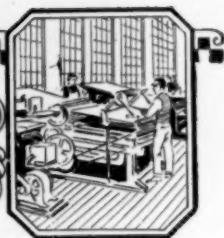
"I think you know that I believe thoroughly in Sigma Delta Chi. I have not had any contacts with it, but in every instance where I have attended its meetings and met its members, I have been impressed by the same quality of sincerity and the desire to do something looking toward better journalistic standards that impresses and interests you, with your much wider knowledge of its operations.

"I therefore accept with sincere pleasure the election as national honorary member of the fraternity."





## WITH SIGMA DELTA CHI AFIELD



ELDON S. ROARK, Jr., (Louisiana State), is doing special work on the staff of the Memphis, (Tenn.) Press-Scimitar.

RUSSELL H. REEVES, (Ohio State, '27), is now on the staff of the Cleveland, (Ohio), Plain Dealer.

WILFRED FEHLHABER, (Montana, '27), is reporting general and sports news on the Twin Falls (Idaho) Daily Times. Fehlh Haber stepped directly into practical newspaper work from the presidency of the Montana chapter.

E. R. LEIBERT, (Illinois, '25), is now private secretary to F. S. Brockman, administrative secretary for the Far East of the Y. M. C. A. He will spend about six months of each year in the Orient—China, Japan, Korea and the Philippines.

LATHROP MACK, (Illinois, '27), is city editor of the early day service of The Associated Press at its Chicago office, the headquarters of the central division. Last summer he edited the Long Beach Billows, a resort community magazine, at Michigan City, Ind., his home.

WARNER A. HIGGINS, (Toronto, '25), has been appointed secretary-treasurer of the Students' Administrative Council of the University of Toronto. The place includes the business management of The Varsity (the daily) and of the year book. He succeeds G. F. Bannerman, (Toronto, '25), who has accepted a position as account director with the Advertising Service Company, of Toronto.

EDWARD FRANTA, (North Dakota, '27), formerly acting editor of the Turtle Mountain Star, Rolla, N. D., is now on the copy desk of the Pampa, (Tex.) Times.

MARVIN BRIGGS, (North Dakota, '27), is assistant editor of the Cando, (N. D.), Herald. He combines with it the job of secretary of the Cando Chamber of Commerce! And he is also city auditor! Is this journalism, or pre-terdignitation?

EDWARD LESLIE, (Washington State, '26), is director of publicity for the State College of Washington.

KENNETH COOK, (Wisconsin, '27), is working his way around the world. He left the staff of the Milwaukee Journal last summer and found a place on a boat at New York late last August.

THOMAS R. SANKEY, (Marquette, '27), is sports editor of the Racine, (Wis.), Times-Call. Arch Ely, (Marquette, '25), is on the sheriff's and firehouse beat on the same paper.

G. E. FERRIS, (Kansas State, '27), has been employed in the advertising department of the Missouri Ruralist, the Missouri state paper of the Capper Publications, since graduation last June.

PHILIP D. JORDAN, (Northwestern, '27), is writing features for the Evanston, (Ill.), News-Index and is holding down an assistant's position at the Medill School of Journalism. After accepting a diploma marked "with highest distinction," and the George H. Bastian Memorial key, Jordan went to Burlington, Ia., last summer, and wrote reams of chautauqua publicity. He told us he blushed to tell us this, but his typewriter ribbon didn't show it.

CLARENCE O. SCHLAVER, (Wisconsin, '27), is handling the telegraph desk of the Kewanee, (Ill.), Star-Courier. Philip D. Adler, (Iowa), is editor and publisher of the paper.

LAURENCE C. EKLUND, (Wisconsin, '27), whose editorials in the Daily Cardinal attracted attention last year, is on the telegraph desk of the Milwaukee Journal. Two other Wisconsin Sigma Delta Chis, Lloyd Gladfelter and Walter Monfried, are working on the Journal.

ELMER BETH, (Wisconsin, '27), one of the winners in the Sigma Delta Chi essay contest last year, is one of the five graduate students selected at Wisconsin as advisers to freshmen. Duane Kipp, president of the Wisconsin chapter, and manager of the National Convention at Madison last fall, was also chosen an adviser, but resigned to become managing editor of the Wisconsin Alumni Magazine.

HERB POWELL, (Wisconsin, '27), is working for Popular Science Monthly, New York City.

JOHN A. BABB, (South Dakota, '27), is employed in the Columbus bureau of The Associated Press.

LESTER JORDAN, who received his master's degree at Northwestern University, where he was a member of the Northwestern chapter, last year, has resumed his position as director of information at Trinity University, Waxahachie, Tex. He is also sports editor of the Waxahachie Daily Light. Floyd Casebolt, (Missouri), is managing editor of the paper.

ELTON GARRETT, (Washington, '27), has been on the copy desk of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer for several months. Phil Hindley, (Washington, '24), and Abe Freeman, (Washington, '27), are on the same desk on the same paper.

LEWIS B. EDWARDS, (Indiana, '27), after spending part of last summer as editor of the summer edition of the Indiana Daily Student, is on the copy desk of the Indianapolis Star.

GIFFORD TERRY, (Iowa State, '23), according to a recent shipping tag, is developing a newspaper family as well as a newspaper—the Polo, (Ill.) Press. The third someday printer's devil arrived November 7.

EDGAR T. HIGGINS, (Kentucky, '27), is studying law at Harvard University. He was city editor of the Richmond, (Ky.) Daily Register prior to entering the university, and expects to do newspaper work again next summer.

KENNETH C. CRAWFORD, (Beloit), was recently transferred to the Washington Bureau of the United Press. He was formerly bureau manager at St. Louis, Mo.

MAURICE O. RYAN, (North Dakota, '25), editor of the Devil's Lake, (N. D.), World, suggests that a course in jiu jitsu be added by the department of journalism at the University of North Dakota. He recently martyred himself to his profession when a Devil's Lake citizen protested strenuously against the use of his name in connection with his police court record. He registered his protest directly on Ryan's eye.

H. PHILIP MAXWELL, (DePauw, '24), is editing and publishing a daily paper at Spencer, Ind.

GEORGE KIDD, (Indiana, '26), is on the copy desk of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

ROBERT BULL, (Butler, '26), is on the staff of the Evansville, (Ind.), Courier.

GLENN FUNK, (DePauw), is a police reporter for the Evansville, (Ind.), Press.

WILLIAM P. LINDLEY, (Illinois), is on the Scripps-Howard editorial staff in Denver.

GERALD P. OVERTON, Michigan, '22, formerly of Indianapolis, is Denver Bureau Manager for the United Press.

STANLEY ORNE, (Washington, '23), is a feature writer on the Portland Oregonian.

JAMES E. WOOD and WILLIAM D. CHANDLER, associates of the Washington chapter, have been made chief editorial writer and managing editor of the Seattle Times, respectively.

DONALD HARRIS, (Washington, '22), is assistant manager of Associated Business Papers, New York. The A. B. P. organization renders service to a large associated group of class and trade journals.

MAX MILLER (Washington, '23), who has worked pretty well around the rim of the Pacific in newspaper jobs, is war correspondent for a New York paper in China. Miller spent a year in Australia, got himself wounded in a tangle with savages on an untamed South Sea island, held several jobs in Washington and California and made one previous trip to Shanghai before his present assignment.

MORTIMER GOODWIN and KENNETH R. MARVIN, (Iowa State, '23), have entered the country newspaper field in Iowa. Casting about for a newspaper property in a field offering possibilities for development they purchased, at Marengo, Iowa, the Pioneer and the Republican, both weeklies. They immediately consolidated the two papers and are now publishing the weekly Pioneer-Republican. Before this venture, Goodwin, who is editor, was associate editor of the Breeder's Gazette, Chicago, and was previously on the Wall Street Journal, New York. Marvin, the business manager, was assistant secretary of the Iowa State Alumni Association, Ames, Iowa. G. L. Caswell, (Iowa State associate), is a silent partner.

LORIN D. ANGEVINE, (Washington, '14), has purchased an interest in the Times of Sea Isle City, New Jersey, and is now in that city.

SOL LEWIS, (Washington, '13), and ROY ROSENTHAL, (Washington, '19), have been elected president and secretary, respectively, of the Washington State Press Association.

BERT BRINTNALL, (Washington, '17), is now on the desk of the Tacoma News-Tribune.

FRED ORNES, (Washington associate), has purchased the Mount Vernon, (Wash.), Argus.

H. E. BARNES, (Ohio State, '28), has bought a half interest in the People's Press, Hillsboro, O., and has assumed the editorship of the paper.

JOHN M. STORM, (Iowa State, '23), formerly state editor of the Indianapolis (Ind.), Star, is now on the news staff of the Cleveland, (O.) News.

FRED B. JUDGES, (Washington, '22), is editor of the Washington Motorist and publicity director for the Automobile Club of Washington.

WILLIAM DIENER, (Michigan, '26), is now employed in the purchasing department of the New York office of the bond house of P. W. Chapman & Company, and is living in Brooklyn Heights. Diener was president of the Michigan chapter during his senior year.

JOSEPH KRUGER, (Michigan, '26), is conducting the sports department of the Elizabeth, N. J., Sunday News. As an extra activity he has bought out a small mail order house for books that supplies a number of people in the immediate vicinity of Elizabeth.

DAVID BRAMBLE, (Michigan, '26), has recently been appointed director of publicity for Doubleday, Doran & Company, the firm that is the result of the merger of Doubleday, Page & Company, George H. Doran Company, Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Country Life Press, and William Heinemann, Ltd., of London. He is now living at 23 East 38th Street. Mr. Bramble was president of the Michigan chapter during his senior year.

CARROLL P. STREETER, (Iowa State, '23), has recently made a transfer from the editorial staff of the Cedar Rapids, (Iowa) Gazette, where he served as farm editor, to the editorial staff of The Farmer's Wife, St. Paul, Minn., where he is covering a national assignment on rural health stories and other special features.

RUPERT HAMILTON, (Washington, '21), recently constructed a new building for his West Seattle Herald.

AL. M. LACEY, (Washington, '13), is now editor of the Colfax (Wash.), Commoner.

DAVID C. LEAVELL will be on the staff of the Fort Worth Press following his graduation at mid-term from the University of Missouri.

MILLARD S. COPE, (Missouri, '26), is on the staff of the San Angelo, (Tex.), Standard, in addition to handling publicity for the San Angelo Board of Civic Development.

GEORGE E. HELMER, (Colorado, '26), is on the desk of the Arizona Republican at Phoenix, after having served a year and a half on the staff of the Greeley, (Colo.), Tribune-Republican.

J. WILLARD RIDINGS, member of the Missouri chapter and formerly of the University of Missouri faculty, is in charge of the new department of journalism at Texas Christian University at Fort Worth. The department was inaugurated in September.

M. RAY BLACK, (Colorado, '24), is assistant city editor on the Denver Post, evening edition. Members of the Colorado chapter on the Rocky Mountain News and Denver Evening News, Scripps-Howard papers in Denver, include: James Walsh and Rupert Hunt, financial; Kaspar Monohan, dramatic editor, and John Polly, assignments.

RALPH L. CROSMAN, (Colorado), head of the department of journalism and director of publicity at the University of Colorado, is spending a few months on the desk of the New York World, preparatory to sailing for London on leave of absence. In London, he will make an exhaustive study of English journalism, from the earliest of the old British journals. He expects to write a textbook, based on his research. A. Gayle Waldrop, Columbia, is acting head of the Colorado department for the year.

J. ADIN MANN, (ex-North Dakota and Illinois, '25), is editing the first trade news publication in North Dakota to be published by a single advertiser. "Mann's Trade News," a 28 page monthly publication, is printed and distributed free to 10,000 readers each month for Mann's Store in Devil's Lake, N. D. A free classified column is one of the features of the paper, which recently "scooped" both papers in Devil's Lake on an important story.

## INVITE THESE SPEAKERS!

## Undergraduate chapters!

Herewith is printed a list of men active in journalism who have consented to serve in the speakers' bureau of Sigma Delta Chi. This means that they will look with favor upon your invitation to them to speak before your chapter.

Why not write some of them today? Arrange your date to suit their itineraries and hold a bang-up professional meeting. Here they are:

H. Z. Mitchell, editor, the Bemidji Sentinel, Bemidji, Minnesota.

E. E. Cook, editor, The Citizen, Columbus, Ohio.

James Wright Brown, publisher, Editor and Publisher, New York City.

W. Y. Morgan, publisher, The News-Herald, Hutchinson, Kansas.

Erie C. Hopwood, editor, The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kent Cooper, general manager, The Associated Press, New York City.

George Pierrot, managing editor, The American Boy, Detroit, Michigan.

Karl Bickel, president, The United Press, New York City.

Robert J. Bender, vice-president, The United Press.

Hugh Baillie, general business manager, The United Press.

Lee A. White, editorial executive, The Detroit News.

I. D. Carson, N. W. Ayer and Son, Philadelphia.

Clifford DePuy, of the DePuy Trade Publications, Des Moines, Iowa.

Edgar T. Cutter, central division of The Associated Press, Chicago.

Charles Dillon, managing editor, Transportation, Los Angeles.

Peter Hamilton, business manager, Oklahoma City News.

Marvin H. Creager, managing editor, Milwaukee Journal.

T. Hawley Tapping, former president of Sigma Delta Chi, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Edwin Moss Williams, United Press, Kansas City.

Stanley Whitaker, United Press, Dallas.

K. D. Gilmore, United Press, Atlanta.

Gilbert M. Clayton, United Press, Chicago.

Frank H. Bartholomew, United Press, San Francisco.

Charles B. McCabe, United Press, Cleveland.

Prof. Lawrence Murphy, University of Illinois.

Prof. J. W. Piercy, University of Indiana.

Prof. L. N. Flint, University of Kansas.

Prof. C. E. Rogers, Kansas State Agricultural College.

Prof. Blair Converse, Iowa State College.

Prof. Paul J. Thompson, University of Texas.

J. Willard Ridings, Texas Christian University.

James A. Stuart, managing editor of the Indianapolis Star and national president of Sigma Delta Chi. (And all the other officers, listed on the editorial page of this issue.)

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